

## VIII

THE Mayor opened the drawer in the table and took out a five-chambered Browning revolver. "The country swarms with Germans, one never knows what may happen, and if your hand is as steady as your head is cool it will always help you to account for five of them if it comes to the worst."

Yielding to the insistence of the Mayor the Doctor reluctantly took the revolver and put it in his hip-pocket.

The old Doctor had just begun to explain on the map the road his colleague was to take when Anatole came to say that a soldier was at the door with a message that the Mayor was wanted by the Commandant. He took a hearty farewell of Dr. Martin, wishing him God-speed in case he should not be able to return before the start.

The Mayor having left, the Doctor took the Curé aside and told him that he would rather have Anatole than the boy as his guide.

"You do not like Anatole?" said the Curé.

"Not particularly."

"That is why you prefer to take him?"